Claudio My liege, your Highneſſe nowe may doe mee good.

Pedro My loue is thine to teach, teach it but how,
And thou ſhalt ſee how apt it is to learne
Any hard leſſon that may do thee good.

Clau. Hath Leonato any ſonne, my lord?

Pedro No childe but Hero, ſhees his onely heire:
Dooſt thou affect her Claudio?

Claudio O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I lookt vpon her with a ſouldiers eie,
That likt, but had a rougher taske in hand,
Than to driue liking to the name of loue:
But now I am returnde, and that warre-thoughts,
Haue left their places vacant: in their roomes,
Come thronging ſoft and delicate deſires,
All prompting mee how faire yong Hero is,
Saying I likt her ere I went to warres.

Pedro Thou wilt be like a louer preſently,
And tire the hearer with a booke of words,
If thou doſt loue faire Hero, cheriſh it,
And I wil breake with hir, and with her father,
And thou ſhalt haue her: waſt not to this end,
That thou beganſt to twiſt ſo fine a ſtorie?

Clau. How ſweetly you do miniſter to loue,
That know loues griefe by his complexion!
But leſt my liking might too ſodaine ſeeme,
I would haue ſalude it with a longer treatiſe.

Pedro What need the bridge much broder then the flood?
The faireſt graunt is the neceſſitie:
Looke what wil ſerue is fit: tis once, thou loueſt,
And I wil fit thee with the remedie,
I know we ſhall haue reuelling to night,
I wil aſſume thy part in ſome diſguiſe,
And tell faire Hero I am Claudio,
And in her boſome ile vnclaſpe my heart,
And take her hearing priſoner with the force

And ſtrong incounter of my am
Then after, to her father will I br
And the concluſion is, ſhe ſhal b
In practiſe let vs put it preſently.

Enter Leonato and an old m

Leo. How now brother, wher
he prouided this muſique?

Old He is very buſie about it,
ſtrange newes that you yet dream

Leo. Are they good?

Old As the euents ſtampes th
uer: they ſhew well outward, th
walking in a thicke pleached alle
much ouer-heard by a man of m
Claudio that he loued my niece y
acknowledge it this night in a da
cordant, he meant to take the pr
ſtantly breake with you of it.

Leo Hath the fellow any wit t

Old A good ſharp fellow, I w
him your ſelfe.

Leo. No, no, we wil hold it as
but I will acquaint my daughter w
better prepared for an anſwer, if p
you and tel hir of it: coſins, you k
O I crie you mercie friend, go yo
shill: good coſin haue a care this b

Enter ſir John the baſtard, and

Con. What the goodyeere my
meaſure ſad?

John There is no meaſure in th
fore the ſadneſſe is without limit.

Con. You ſhould heare reaſon

John And when I haue heard i

Con If not a preſent remedy, at

John I wonder that thou (being
vnder Saturne) goeſt about to a

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